

## Our Duty.

**'IT IS WELL WE CANNOT SEE WHAT THE END SHALL BE'**

When another life is added  
To the heaving, turbid mass;  
When another breath of being  
Stains creation's tarnished glories;  
When the first cry, weak and piteous,  
Heralds long enduring pain,  
And a soul from non-existence  
Springs—that she'll sleep again;  
When the mother's passionate welcome,  
Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,  
And the sire's self-gratulation—  
Prophecies of future years:  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features,  
Trembles the first dawn of mind;  
And the soul looks from the windows  
Of the eyes that were so blind;  
When the incoherent murmur,  
Syllable each swaddled thought  
To the fond eye of affection,  
With a boundless promise fraught—  
Kindling great hopes of the morrow,  
From dull, uncertain ray;  
As by glimmering of the twilight  
Is foreseen the perfect day—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold  
Of his all comprising home;  
Puts aside the arms maternal,  
That unlock him ere he roam—  
When the canvas of his vessel,  
Flutters in the favoring gale;  
Years of solitary exile;  
Hid behind its sunny sail—  
When his pulses beat with ardor,  
And his sinews stretch for toil;  
And the thousand bold enterprises,  
Lure him to that golden soil—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden,  
Looks into her credulous eyes;  
And the heart upon the surface,  
Shines too happy to be wise;  
It by speeches less than gestures,  
Hinted what her hopes expand,  
Laying out the waste hereafter  
Like enchanted garden ground;  
He may patter—so do many—  
She may suffer—so must all;  
Both yet, world disenchanted,  
That lost love repeat—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion  
Greets the expectant bridal pair;  
And the vot that lasts till dying,  
Vibrates on the sacred air—  
When man's lavish protestations,  
Doubts of after-change die;  
Comforting the frailer spirit  
Bound his servitor for aye—  
Whos beneath love's silver moonbeams  
Many rocks in shadow sleep,  
Undiscovered till possession  
Shows the dangers of the deep—  
It is well we cannot see  
What the end shall be.

Nature's Alphabet.  
Nature's alphabet is made up of only four letters; wood, water, rock and soil; yet with these four letters she forms such infinite combinations, as no language of twenty-four letters can describe. Nature never grows old; she has no provincialisms—The lark carols the same song in the key as when Adam turned his delighted ear to catch the strain; the owl still hoots on a B flat, yet loves the note, and screams through other octaves; the stormy petrel is as much delighted to sport among the mud waves of the Indian ocean as in the earliest times; the birds that live on flies to meditate at eventide, as they will two thousand years hence, if the world does not break her harness from the orb of day. The sun is as bright as when Lot entered the city of Zoar. The diamond and the onyx, and the topaz of Ethiopia are still as splendid, and the vulture's eye is as fierce as when Job took up his parable. In short nature's pendulum has never altered its vibrations.

You all know that it is possible to use violence without using temper. If a boy of six years old has a notion that he is a good deal older than you are, and you know that he has done wrong, and he comes to you full of obstinacy, and says he won't stop till he has done it again, you first try to reason with him. And this is right; if you can make him turn by appealing to his moral feelings, you had better. But you reason awhile, and he is still full of obstinacy and says: "If you won't do it, you shall be sent to bed without anything to eat; and you cannot go to the picnic with your brothers and sisters to-morrow." You have appealed to his moral feelings, and now you try a peg lower, taking away something he likes. If after this he remains obstinate, what do you do? You turn him up and give it to him. H. W. Beecher.

Young America on his Travels.

The Janesville (Wis.) Gazette gives the following account of the travels of a "Young America" who has just "brought up" there. He started from somewhere in the eastern part of New York State with fifty cents in his pocket, in company with another of the same species who had twenty-five cents, and with whom he traded caps for two shillings and a half. They got along well, and he used to read each other's fortunes, and life-journeys, in the meanderings currents that flowed on so quietly under the surface. But it is more like a case now, as if he used it in digging. Their cap is as brown as October; the full rounded simile has shrunk away from the veins, and they stand out like ridges in a fallen tree. Venus indeed! they look like a handfull of whip-cord. There is a knotty look, and a knotty feel about the joints, as if you were grasping a handfull of walnuts. Then, again, his hair has grown wavy, wavy, or gray, or thin, or something that it was not, for the truth is, it is growing upon an old head.

He thinks, as you look at him, "is it possible?" and he keeps you company with his wonder, "how it can be," and in that way you have seen yourself, as he sees you, for all see you, as you are.

A young man who covers himself with cast apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who lignifies the outside of his house, but retains in the door.

The days of a nightingale may be very brief to a well fed man, but the days of a hen-like bird by a hungry one,

## Save the Eyes Now—A Hint.

Probably, every body now reads daily three times as much as he did a year ago. The excitement of the times keeps every one reading the news, or reading to find news. This is not to be deprecated, if it gets the mass into the way of reading more than formerly—provided the habit is turned to good account after the present excitement is over, that is, if light trashy literature does not come in to supply the place of news—but we began this item to offer a single hint about saving the eyesight, suggested by a call on a neighbor, the other evening. Father, mother, and four children, were around a table, reading fine type newspapers by a single central bright light—Every one of them had the paper spread on the table, with the face towards the light—the most uncomfortable, most unhealthy position that could be chosen, and the very worst one for the eyes. To say nothing of the compression of the chest and lungs, and the curving of the shoulders, the bright light fell directly into the eyes, contracting the pupil unnaturally, and tending to produce weakness and inflammation by the effort required to read with only a few rays entering the eye. The very best position for reading, and the only one that should ever be adopted, is, to sit upright with the back or side to the lamp or window, and let the light fall over the shoulder upon the paper or book. If there are windows on the opposite side of the room, change the position so that the wall or some dark object shall be in front of the eyes.—The pupil of the eye then expands, and takes in a complete picture of the page or letters. A much smaller light will be required in the position recommended. Dr. Youman suggests the following experiment: "Sit with the face to the light, and turn down the flame until the printed letters become nearly invisible. Now interpose the hand or a book to cut off the rays coming directly to the eye, and the letters will become distinctly visible again." A strict adherence to the simple rule we have set forth, would restore half of the now weak eyes. (The other half would be mostly restored by avoiding a light too weak, and by keeping the system open, that is, free from constiveness, which deteriorates the blood and the system generally.) Book-keepers, watch makers, mechanics, and at least all who work upon small objects, should so arrange their desks or work-benches that the light shall come in from the side upon their books, or the objects they are at work upon.

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Made Them Squat.

A widow woman's only son went to the Great Bethel slaughter, fought well and returned home on a furlough. His mother is pious, and after he had answered numerous inquiries as to his health, etc., she said:

"Now tell me, Henry, you did not kill any one, did you? You didn't put your gun at any one, did you, and commit murder, right again the Bible, did you? It would be so wicked."

Said he: "I don't know as I killed any one, but I made eight or ten of them squat mighty sudden."

Fighting on Equal Terms.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Col. D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, sir," he replied. "I am waiting for them to fire."

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D. "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bear gun to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg."

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it became a handfull of whip-cord. There is a knotty lock, and a knotty feel about the joints, as if you were grasping a handfull of walnuts.

Then, again, his hair has grown wavy, wavy, or gray, or thin, or something that it was not, for the truth is, it is growing upon an old head.

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An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a "poetic" effusion, as follows:

"This 'Young America' is not yet fourteen years of age."

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right."

## The Baffled Lawyer.

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner well known in the surrounding country by the sobriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon "Crazy Pat" being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inaccuracy, upon which he might build a "point"; but he was excessively annoyed to find that

Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that a acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the defense of Coke betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

A REBEL SON OF A PATRIOTIC FATHER.—Hon. James B. Clay was a member of Congress. He is the son of "Harry of the West," but he has inherited from the "old man" only the old homestead, which he sold, in the shape of canes as memorials, and the name whose lustre has dimmed.

The Hon. James B. has lately gone to speak at the bar, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as

Defeat, a second SUARET, to stir the blood of the free States. The check at Bull Run

the price of victory at Richmond.

## Lessons of the Hour.

No idle lamentations. No blind complaint. Fresh courage, boldness, nerve will, endurance, vigilance, and unstinted outlay. New wariness, vigilance, fidelity, forecast, in all departments: Strictness, authority and obedience. Confidence in public men. Reverence for the powers that be. All honor to our great Captain Summery dealing with spies and traitors. Execution of the leaders of the pirates. A severe front toward home secessionists. The prison for fraudulent patriots—their own houses for incompetent ones. Scrutiny on sacrifice by every one of us. Tears for soldiers dead, and a heart for living ones. Recognition of the Divine hand, and uninterrupted prayer to the God of Battles.—The question, a question of war or many.

Defeat, a second SUARET, to stir the blood of the free States. The check at Bull Run

the price of victory at Richmond.

We do not wish to parade our loyalty, nor render fulsome adulation to men or empty institutions; but the Constitution of the best national instruments ever formed

Yay, further, Joseph Smith, in his day,

said it was given by inspiration of God.

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# THE ADAMS SENTINEL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.



THE ADAMS SENTINEL.  
GETTYSBURG:  
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1861.

**Incidents of the Battle.**  
In the thickets of the greatest Sassafras bush, a bullet from one of our riflemen struck his hat from the head of Old Baker, of the Georgia First. "The name of our boys in hearing of his master," "What?" queried the parson. "Colonel Baker, of the rebel ranks has just gone to his long home!" "Ah well," replied the Chaplain quietly, "the longer I live in the insidious acts of Divine Providence."

An ambulance private, in one of the New York regiments, was wounded in this fight, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder. The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet. "Ah! my poor son," said the father mournfully, "I'm very sorry for you—but it's a bad place to be hit—in *this in the back*." The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointed to the opening above the arm pit, exclaiming, "Father, there's where the bullet went."

One of the Zouaves was struck by a bullet which tore through his thighs close to his body, nearly severing the limb from the trunk. As he fell, he drew his photograph from his breast, and said to his nearest comrade, "Take this to my wife—Tell her I died like a soldier, faithful to my country's cause, and the good old flag. Good bye!" and he died where he fell.

An artilleryman lay on the ground, nearly exhausted from loss of blood, and too weak to get out of the way of the trampling horses that flattered about him. A mounted horse ran toward him; when he raised the bleeding stains of both his arms and cried out, "Don't tread on me, Captain! See! both hands are gone!" The trooper leaped over him, a shell broke near by, and the crashing fragments put the sufferer quickly out of his misery.

A Rebel—one of the Georgia regiment, lay with a fearful shot wound in his side, which tore out several of his ribs. The life-blood of the poor fellow was fast oozing out, when one of our troops dashed forward from out of the melee, and fell, sharply wounded, close beside him. The Georgian recovered his uniform, though he was fatally hurt and feebly put out his hand. "We came into this battle," he said, "enemies 1—us friends. Farewell!" He spoke no more, but his companion, in disaster took the extended hand, and escaped to relate this touching fact.

One of our riflemen had his piece carried away by a bullet, which struck it out of his hands, just as his company was in the act of advancing to storm one of the smaller Rebel batteries. Unarmed, he sprang forward, and threw himself down on his face, under the enemy's guns. A Zouave lay there, wounded and bleeding, out of the way of the murderous fire. "Lay close, old boy," said the latter to the new-comer. "The boys'll take this old furnace" a minute, and then we'll get up, give the Rebels fits again!" Three minutes afterwards the battery was carried, and the two soldiers were in the thickest of the fight again.

A reporter for one of the New York papers lost his carriage, and when the stampede occurred, he ran about, confused, in search of the missing vehicle, without success. He saw the dust increasing, and the means of conveyance home rapidly decreasing. So he jumped into a passing ambulance, which drove rapidly off. He found his horse on the road above the battle-field, and jumped out of the ambulance again just as a cannon ball passed through it, cutting a wounded man almost in halves! He declared professionally, "he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day."

Two of the New Hampshire Second were leaving the field through the woods, when they were suddenly confronted by 5 Rebels, who ordered them to "halt" or we fire! The Granite boys saw their dilemma, but the foremost of them presented his musket, and answered, "halt you, or we fire!" and, at the word, both discharged their pieces. The Rebel fell; his assailant was unharmed. Seizing his companion's musket, he brought it to his shoulder, and said to the other, "fire!" both fired their guns at once, and two more Rebels fell. The others fled. The leader's name was Hanford, from Dover, N. H.

**Victims of the Battle from Martinsburg, Va.**

A private letter received in Baltimore from Martinsburg, speaking of the Battle of Bull Run, says:

"We have lost some of our best citizens.—Patton, Harrison, Mr. Conrad's two sons, young Erick and Dr. Page's son, were all killed. Mr. Mauer of Hedgeville, lost his son David, and has another son wounded. George Miller of Hedgeville, is also wounded."

The Boonsboro Old Fellow, in alluding to Mr. Conrad's sons, says:

Holmes Conrad, Esq., of Martinsburg, a prominent lawyer and a firm Union man, had two promising sons, aged about 22 and 19, one, we believe, following the profession of his father, and the younger a student of theology. Both belonged to Captain Nadebush's company, composed of about one hundred of the most active young men in Berkeley county.

The two young Conrads, like all of their companions, volunteered for the war, against the consent and urgent protest of their father, who told them that they could not expect to enter his house again if they deserved his orders. But feeling that they were in honor bound to follow the fortunes of their commander, they enlisted for the campaign. At the recent battle of Bull Run, Captain Nadebush's company was put in the front line, where they fought with the greatest bravery until relieved. When the roar of the cannon was over, and the strife ceased to go on, the two brothers, the Conrads, were found dead, locked in each other's embrace. Together with three more of the same company, who were also killed, their bodies were brought to Martinsburg, and buried at the solemn hour of midnight, the moon shining beautifully. Thus has a good father's home been made desolate, and two bright young men, upon whom all his anxiety and hopes were centered, buried into eternity."

Gen. Beauregard was near being caught a few days ago. He was out reconnoitering a person within about six miles of Washington, and had left a party of 10 or 12 of his troops scouting there, but ten minutes before the latter were all made prisoners by Capt. Motte, of New York, and a Union Company, which went out for the purpose of capturing them.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1861.

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THE ADAMS SENTINEL.</p

# THE ADAMS SENTINEL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, July 31.

**GENERAL ORDERS NO. 13.**  
It has been the prayer of every patriot that the tramp and din of civil war might at least spare the precincts within which repose the sacred remains of the Father of his Country, but this pious hope is disappointed. Mount Vernon, so recently consecrated anew to the immortal Washington by the ladies of America, has already been overrun by bands of rebels who, having trampled under foot the Constitution of the United States, the ark of our freedom and prosperity, are prepared to trample on the ashes of him to whom we are all mainly indebted for those mighty blessings.—Should the operations of the war take the United States troops in that direction, the general-in-chief does not doubt that each and every man will approach with due reverence and leave uninjured, not only the tomb, but also the house, the groves and walks which were loved by the best and greatest of men.—WINFIELD SCOTT.

By command, E. D. TOWNSEND, Asst. Adjutant-General.

## General Patterson's Dereliction.

The official despatches to General Patterson will show that the entire blame for the defeat of our forces at Bull Run is due entirely to his neglect of positive orders. He was directed—first, to engage and defeat Johnston; second, if unable to engage Johnston, to get between him and Manassas, and prevent a junction of his forces with Beauregard's; third, if unable to fulfill either of these orders, he was to harass Johnston in front; and keep him before Winchester; fourth, if he could do neither of those things, then he was to make all haste to Washington, and join McDowell as soon as Johnston could join Beauregard. It will be seen that General Patterson disregarded each of these orders, and that had he obeyed any one, he would have prevented the disaster at Bull Run, and at once have utterly destroyed the rebellion, or removed the seat of war beyond the confines of Virginia.

## The New Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury is preparing for issue the treasury notes, the emission of which has recently been authorized by Congress. A portion of low denominations are made payable to the bearer in coin in sums of five, ten and twenty dollars, at places designated on their face. Others of the same denomination bear three and sixty-five one-hundredths per cent interest, payable one year after date, with the privilege to the holder, when presented in sums of one hundred dollars, to exchange them for treasury notes having three years to run, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent interest. All treasury notes may be exchanged for twenty years' bonds bearing six per cent interest. All the treasury notes to be of and above fifty dollars denomination, bear seven and three-tenths per cent interest, and are made payable in three years.

**INCIDENT AT WASHINGTON.**—The volunteers at Washington are fast becoming veteran soldiers, for they are no respecters of persons, & perform their duty fearlessly and faithfully. Among the many incidents connected with the discharge of duty, we select the following:

"Yesterday, President Lincoln attempted to pass the guard, whom he was stopped by the sentinel. The President informed the soldier who he was, but he was not permitted to pass, when the President remarked, "Well, I reckon you are right." The Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, tried the same day, with like success. He told the guard, that he was the Secretary of War, when the soldier replied—"You are the fourth scoundrel that has told me the same story. You can't pass without the countersign."

## ESTABLISHED OVER QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

**DR. SWAYNE'S NEIGHBORS SAY ABOUT HIM.**—A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who has been traveling through Pennsylvania, writes: "A neighbor of Mr. Buchanan was in the cars. He represents that the ex-President has been long dangerously sick from sheer exhaustion. He has little sympathy from his fellow-townsmen, who upbraid him as being the author of all our National troubles. He is obliged to hear much that must wound him, and letters by the basket full are sent to him full of abuse and calumny, and so much so that while he was sick his friends would not allow him to see any letters, unless they knew where they were from.—Miss Lane is represented as making herself agreeable to all who call, and keeping open house to all who come to Wheatland, with that same grace that made her so popular at the White House."

**KILLED BY A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING.**—John Spellman, a boy six years old, while playing in some dirt cars at Burlington, (Vt.) on Sunday, loosened the brake of the forward car, and set the train, consisting of seven cars, in motion down the grade. When the cars started the boy fell on the track, and the whole train passed over him, severing his head from his body.

**The Economy of Health.**  
This busy nation of Americans have 12,000,000 working people, whose services may be estimated at \$2 a day, and their annual loss by sickness at an average of ten days each in the year. This gives a total loss of \$24,000,000 a year, a sum three times as large as the whole cost of the General Government, including the Army, Navy, Post Offices, Legislators, Foreign Ministers and all. The amount weighs over six hundred tons in pure gold.

A large proportion of this costly suffering might be averted by attention to diet, cleanliness, and above all, by the proper use of the right remedy in season. When a 25 cent box of Ayer's Pills will avert an attack of illness which it would take several days to recover from, or a dollar bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will expel a lurking disorder that would bring the sufferer to his back for weeks or months, does it take any figure to show the good economy of the investment? When Fever and Ague are rankling in your veins, and shaking your life out of you, is it worth the dollar it costs for his AGUE CURE to bring the villainous disorder expelled, which it does surely and quickly? When you have taken a cold is it prudent to wait until it has settled on the lungs, when days or weeks or months must be spent in trying to cure it; even if it can be cured at all, or is it cheaper to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, costing a few shillings, and remove the trouble before it is serious? It takes no wisdom to decide.

## Earthquake at Antigua—Two Thousand Lives Lost.

BOSTON, July 30.—Capt. Hunter, of the De Soto, arrived from St. Thomas and Bermuda, at Halifax, states that just as he was leaving St. Thomas a report reached there that Antigua was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and that two thousand lives were lost.

[The island of Antigua, where this calamity is reported to have happened, belongs to Great Britain. It belongs to the North Caribbean group of the West Indies, lying in a straight line with Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico, and about three hundred miles east by south of the last named.]

**A Washington correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector writes:**

"Several of the Colonels of regiments, as Col. Dunwell, of the 5th Maine, and Col. Howard, of the 3d Maine—the former a Baptist, the latter an Episcopalian—are devoutly pious and active Christians, meeting daily in their tents. Several of the regiments, as the 1st Rhode Island, the 1st Massachusetts, the 1st New Hampshire and the 5th Maine, have daily evening prayer meetings with the regiment drawn up after dress parade. In some of the regiments, as the 3d Maine, the 2d New York, and the 1st New Jersey, there have been revivals and conversions connected with their night prayer meetings."

**The Knoxville Whig records the following unsuccessful piece of "riverstratagy" recently essayed by Gen. Pillow:**

"Previous to Gen. Pillow's being superseded by Bishop Polk, he went to N. Orleans and procured a huge chain cable, costing him \$25,000, and brought it to Memphis to blockade the river, by stretching it over and resting it upon buoys. The cable, carriage, and work cost about \$80,000. The first big tide that came, bringing down the usual amount of trees, logs, and driftwood, swept away the cable and its supporters, as any flatboat captain could have informed the Confederate authorities would certainly be the case."

**ST. LOUIS, July 30.**—It is stated on reliable authority that Gen. Watkins, who has been in command of the rebel forces in Southeast Missouri for some time, resigned on Saturday last, and strongly urged all his troops to disband and have nothing more to do with this rebellion. Gen. Watkins is a man of considerable property, and the reason assigned for this sudden change in his conduct is the contemplated passage of the confiscation bill by Congress.

**THE SENATE, on Saturday, confirmed them numerous army appointments, among them Major Generals McClellan, Fremont, Dix, and Banks, and Brigadier-Generals Hooper, Curtis, McCall, Sherman, Lander, Kelly, Kearney, Pope, Heintzelman, Porter, Stone, Reynolds, Hunter, Franklin, Rosecrans, Buell, Mansfield, McDowell, and Meigs.**

**Mrs. Dix's two nurses, who started to the relief of our wounded troops at Massass, returned to Washington on Sunday. They proceeded as far as Fairfax, and were informed that if they went further they must consider themselves prisoners of war. The money which they took with them was safely forwarded to the prisoners.**

**OUR NEIGHBOR POLLARD has completed a very neat brick building opposite the Globe Hotel, where he and Mr. Cook have everything in very beautiful order. The former has every variety of Stoves, the rarest patterns, and at very cheap rates; whilst friend Cook attends to the Tin-work, Spouting, &c., promptly, and executes work in the best manner. Give them a call in their new habitation.**

**DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.**—No medicine has ever gained such a reputation as this instinutinal remedy in curing obstinate Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Blood Spitting, Hoarseness, Weak Voice, Pains in the Side and Breast, Braken Constitution (from the abuse of Calomel and other causes), Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Tickling Irritation, or Inflammation of the Throat, and all Pulmonary Complaints. For Restless Nights, for the Aged and Debilitated, it is very valuable; it not only propels life, but renders it enjoyable in its evenging, as all ages, sexes and constitutions are affected by it, and disease is thoroughly eradicated from the system.

**FIFTY THOUSAND DEATHS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN A STATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.**—This point has been attained. We silence again particularly to DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. The most inveterate cases yield to this great vegetable remedy.

**A PRETTY AND PURIFYING REMEDY FOR THE SOFTENING OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS, causing a perfect state of health.**

Thousands of persons and families have thor-

oughly tested and tried them, for almost every disease, and have given their testimony that they are beyond all question the very best medicine for a family physician.

**HENNA, DISSSES OF VISION, PALSY, FEVERS, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINT, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, &c., are cured.**

**Female irregularities are restored to a healthy condition.**

**LAT IT BE REMEMBERED,** these are perfect blood purifying pills, com-

pounded with Sarsaparilla and other valuable Vegetable Extracts, and a certain purgative, free from griping, correcting the stomach and bowels to a perfect healthy condition.

**JOHN BURKHOLDER, SOLOMON BENDEK, ASSIGNEES.**

**Manhood—How Lost, How Restored.**

**The Unfailing Remedy for**

**Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus,**

**Dysentery, Cholera Morbus,**

**Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus,**

**Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint,**

**Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint,**

**Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SONS, Philadelphia.**

**Sold by S. S. FORSYN, and A. B. BENTLEY, Gettysburg, and all the principal Stores throughout the county and State.**

**January 3.**

**Dr. Swayne's Bowel Cordial.**

**The Unfailing Remedy for**

**Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus,**

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**January 3.**

**Married.**

**On the 1st inst., by Rev. G. Stevenson, Mr. ALVYSS M. LAWRENCE, of Germany, town-ship to Miss ANNA RIGLEY, of Franklin County, Pa.**

**Died.**

**On the 30th ult., at the residence of her grandfather, Mr. Christian Hindlau, SUSAN ALICE, aged 2 months, daughter of Mr. George Tate, of Hamiltonian township.**

**It takes no wisdom to decide.**

**SEABEADS & BUEHLER'S Store is well worthy of a visit just at this time. We doubt whether, even in our largest cities, so fine a display of Stoves can be found. Their large room is stored full of Stoves of every pattern; also, every variety of Hollow Ware, Sheet Iron Ware, Tin Ware, Plated Ware, Japan Ware—embracing indeed, everything in the house-furnishing line. Also, Sausage Cutters, Sausage Stuffers, Lard Presses, &c., &c. They are prepared to sell wholesale and retail, Tin Ware, and Sheet Iron Ware, of their own manufacture—keeping a sufficient number of hands to supply any demand. Their assortment of Linen is very large; also, Coal, of every kind.**

## The Markets.

**GUTTSBURG—TUESDAY LAST.**

**Superfine Flour.....\$4 50 to 4 75**

**Roll Wheat.....\$0 75 to 90**

**White Wheat.....\$0 75 to 90**

**Corn, old Yellow.....\$0 75 to 90**

**Rye.....\$0 75 to 90**

**Flax.....\$0 75 to 90**

**Buckwheat.....\$1 25**

**Buckwheat Meal.....\$0 75**

**Graver Seeds.....\$0 75**

**Timothy Seed.....\$1 75 to 2 00**

**Flax Seed.....\$1 50**

**Barley.....\$0 75**

**Oats.....\$0 75**

**Plaster of Paris, per ton.....\$6 00**

**Do. per bag.....\$1 00**

**Quano per hundred.....\$1 25 to 3 25**

**BALTIMORE—TUESDAY LAST.**

**Flour per bbl., from Wagons.....\$4 50 to 5 00**

**Wheat, per bushel.....\$0 75 to 1 00**

**Rye.....\$0 75 to 1 00**

**Corn.....\$0 75 to 1 00**

**Oats.....\$0 75 to 1 00**

**Cloverseed.....\$4 50 to 4 75**

**Timothyseed.....\$2 25 to 2 50**

**Jeff Davis.....\$3 00 to 3 25**

**Hay (loose).....\$1 25 to 1 50**

**Hay (bales).....\$1 25 to 1 50**

**Do. (loose).....\$1 25 to 1 50**

**Do. (bales).....\$1 25 to 1 50**

**TAXES.**

**THE COLLECTORS of State and County Taxes for 1860 and previous years, are required to make all the collections they can before the Monday of the August Court, and on that day pay the same over to the County Treasurer.**

In accordance with the Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved the 16th of May, 1861, in regard to the relief of Volunteers and their Families, the County Commissioners have issued a tax of 12 mills, which the Collector is to collect in six weeks from the date of the warrant.

For the present year, the amount of the tax is to be paid in six weeks from the date of the warrant.

Attest—J. M. WALTER, Clerk.

August 7.

## Arms! Arms!

**TO Teachers and Directors.**  
THE undersigned calls the attention of the Citizens of Adams County to the following order to him directed:

Hannington, June 12th, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—You will see that I have been authorized to collect all the military arms of Pennsylvania at my own expense, for the purpose of remodeling, and then to be returned again to regular organized companies. You are deputized by me to demand and collect from whose hands the same may be found, all the military arms, both good and bad, in the County of Adams. (See Fig. Dig. 608, Sec. 11.)

No part of the same is to be given to any company, or organization, or individual, except to deliver up the same in these instances, and to receive payment for the same. You are instructed, first, having made full report, to collect all the arms, such as muskets, rifles, ordnance, swords, pistols, tents, saddle sabres, and accoutrements of all kinds; and box them up and send them to this place.

